





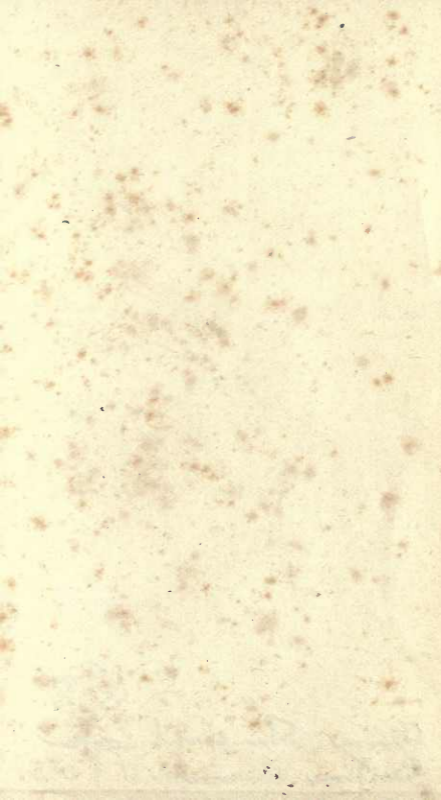
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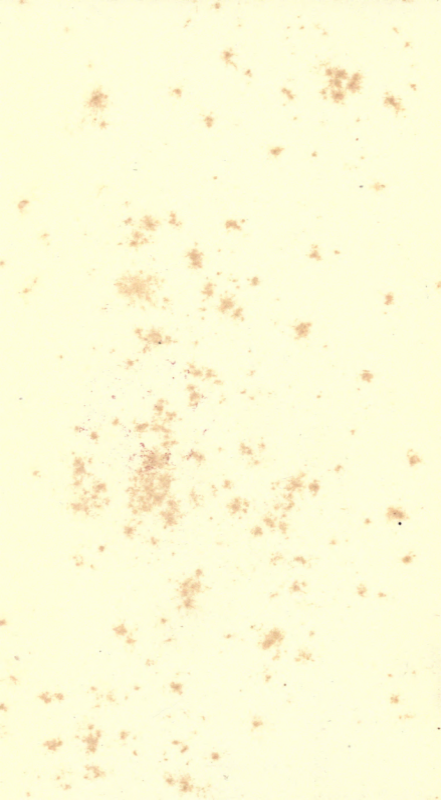
The Olive Percival
Collection of
Children's Books





Olive Tercival
Boston Town ~ 1903







THE
GOLDEN PRESENT,
A
GIFT
FOR
ALL SEASONS.

EDITED BY
MRS. J. THAYER.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY J. BUFFUM.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,
BY J. BUFFUM,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District
of New Hampshire.

Stereotyped and Printed by }
C. C. P. MOODY, }
32 Washington St., Boston. }

PREFACE.

I HAVE been gleaning through the fields of poetry and sentiment. I have gathered golden ears from sheafs of thought and feeling, and caught the choicest notes of songster and philosopher and having twined them in a bright wreath, I send it forth upon its mission to charm the eye and heart of Beauty. Go forth, little book! Wherever young hearts are bounding, wherever Hope has reared a temple, be thou found. Be thou the medium through which the lover woes his lady, a bright link in Friendship's chain, a sweet remembrancer of other days, a cheering index to the Future. Go forth, my little book! and blessings attend thee!

WORCESTER, 1848.

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THE
GOLDEN PRESENT.

Think of me.

Go, where the water glideth gently ever,
 Glideth by meadows that still greenest be ;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
 And think of me !

Wander in forests where the small flower layeth,
 Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree ;
Listen the dim brook pining while it playeth,
 And think of me !

Watch when the sky is silver-pale and even,
 And the wind grieveth on the lonely tree ;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
 And think of me !

And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,
 And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea ;
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming
 And think of me !

HAMILTON'S GARDEN OF FLORENCE.

Separation.

IN any case, a feeling of sadness will come over the heart, at the reflection that a friend whom we have loved will be with us no more. The word farewell! has in it something dirge-like, which all more or less feel — so many things may take place that prevent the after-meeting of those who part, or they may meet with altered feelings. One may drink of the poisoned chalice of selfishness, and return to his friend with a chilled heart, and meet the beaming eye, the grasp of affection, with a cold smile of recognition. O! I would rather never, never again see those I have loved, and whose remembrance is twined around my heart, than meet the averted eye of changed affection. I would rather kneel above the graves of those with whom I parted in friendship, than read upon their living faces the change which the cold world may have wrought within their hearts.

It is sad to part from those we have been accustomed to see daily, from whom we have been in the habit of receiving those little, kind attentions which make life pleasant; but harder than all for woman to say farewell to him she loves; to feel that years may intervene before the sound of that dear voice shall again gladden her ear—those eyes, whose expression has ever been kindly, shall lighten her heart; to know that she has felt the pressure of that friendly hand for the last time and that through the long future they shall be as strangers.

MRS. J. THAYER.

Night.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence by its spell of might
Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the night
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual Peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy fingers on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! peace ! Orestes like I breathe this prayer ;
Descend with swift winged flight ; [fair !
The welcome ! the thrice prayed for ! the most
The best beloved Night !

LONGFELLOW.



Summer Evening.

'TWAS evening, still, quiet summer evening! The glorious moon looked out from her drapery of fleecy clouds, and shed her mild light over forests and groves, gay pasterre and rippling water; then like a coy beauty, she drew a thick veil around her, and for a time a shadow lay upon the earth. It was one of those nights on which we love to give the reins to memory, and call up from its recesses treasures of the past for the mind to dwell upon until it forgets they are but phantoms of departed time; — to lift the veil from the tomb and call forth its regretted inmates, not with the ghastly hue of death upon their brows, but glowing with health and happiness as when their hands pressed ours, and their voices made sweet music to our ears. I have gazed upon the orb of night until my heart has swelled within my bosom with vain longings to pierce its mysteries; to

throw off the mortal coil that enchains it, and soar away to the regions of light. I have looked upon the heavens in their beauty, with the mellow moon-light shining over them, until the whisperings of the night air has seemed to me like the voices of loved ones, who have gone to their homes in the skies, — blest spirits hovering nigh on errands of mercy to hail the repenting sinner's sigh, and bear his half-formed prayer to the throne of the Invisible. I think I am ever better after contemplating such a scene: the heart becomes purified by holding communion with itself in Nature's temple, with none to behold its workings but Nature's God. No unholy thought can enter it, at such a time; its aspirations are pure, they ascend to heaven and their fruit is Peace.

MRS. J. THAYER.



Music.

WHENCE is the might of thy master spell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell —
How canst thou wake, by our gentle breath,
Passionate visions of love and death?

How call'st thou back with a note or sigh,
Words and low tones from the days gone by —
A sunny glance, or a fond farewell?
Speak to me, voice of sweet sound, and tell!

What is the power, from the soul's deep spring
In sudden gushes the tears to bring;
Even amidst the spells of the festal glee
Fountains of sorrow are stirred by thee!

Vain are those tears! — vain and fruitless all —
Showers that refresh not, yet still must fall;
For a pure bliss while the full heart burns,
For a brighter home while the spirit yearns.

Something of mystery there surely dwells,
Waiting thy touch in our bosom cells;
Something that finds not its answer here —
A chain to be clasped in another sphere.

Therefore a current of sadness deep,
Through the stream of thy triumph is heard to
sweep.

Like a moan of the breeze through a summer sky,
Like a name of the dead when the wine foams high!
Yet speak to me still, though thy tones be fraught
With vain remembrance and troubled thought,—
Speak! for thou tell'st my soul that its birth
Links it with regions more bright than earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

MUSIC is a glorious thing! It is an intoxication, an enchantment; a world in which to live, to combat, to repose; a sea of painful delight, incomprehensible and boundless as eternity. In such moments a vision sometimes presents itself; it appears to me as if there arose out of this tempestuous world, above this sea of sounds, a — what must I call it? A hope, a heavenly spirit, a kind, reconciling genius, which extracting from this stream of sound all that is most beautiful and most ethereal, weaves therefrom its own pure essence. The deeper the fugue descends, the brighter becomes this image, like stars in the dark

night. Then sinks the storm, and my soul becomes tranquil; all dissonance, all pain is gone, and the heavenly image floats radiantly over the quiet lake; then it dims and vanishes. I cannot keep it; it arises with the ascending of the sound, and fades with its decline; neither can I call up, at will, this heavenly phantasma, although I have ever an indescribable longing to behold it,—A reality so beautiful as this vision, life has never presented me with.

MISS BREMER.

Flowers.

YOUR voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook

Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that
swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column,

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God has planned.

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;

Its choir, the winds and waves — its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There amid solitude and shade I wander,
Through the green aisles and stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence reverently ponder
The ways of God.

LONGFELLOW.

Beauty.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty ? — that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask ; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the

sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. Nor can any aversion or malignity towards the object irreconcile the eyes from looking upon it. As a man who hath an envenomed and mortal hatred against another, who hath a most graceful and beautiful person, cannot hinder his eyes from being delighted to behold that person, although that delight is far from going to the heart; so no man's malice towards an excellent musician can keep his ear from being pleased with his music.

LORD CLARENDON.

BEAUTY thou art twice blessed! thou blessest the gazer and the possessor; often at once the cause and the effect of goodness! A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty. On the other hand, they who have a gift that commands love, a key

that opens all hearts, are ordinarily inclined to look with happy eyes upon the world; to be cheerful and serene; to hope and to confide. There is more wisdom than the vulgar dream of in our admiration of a fair face.

BULWER.

FOR it is beauty maketh poesie,
As from the dancing eye comes tears of light.
Night hath made many bards; she is so lovely.
And they have praised her to her starry face,
So long, that she hath blushed and left them, often.
When first and last we met, we talked on studies;
Poetry only I confess is mine,
And is the only thing I think or read of: —
Feeding my soul upon the soft, and sweet,
And delicate imaginings of song;
For as nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light
Of nature and of beauty; they love light.

BAILEY.



Poets.

HIGH and beautiful is the lot of the great poet. His lyre is the world, and the strings on which he plays are the souls of men. When he wills it, these tones are called forth, and melt together into a divine harmony. MISS BREMER.

Love.

Love is the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

It is the secret sympathy
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



Parting.

HEAR ! 'tis for this I stay —
To say we part — forever part :
But oh ! how wide the line
Between thy Marrian's bursting heart
And that proud heart of thine.
And thou wilt wander here and there,
Ever the gay and free ;
To other maids will fondly swear,
As thou hast sworn to me ;
And I — oh ! I shall but retire,
Into my grief alone ;
And kindle there the hidden fire,
That burns, that wastes unknown.
And love and life shall find their tomb,
In that sepulchral flame :—
Be happy — none shall know for whom —
I will not dream thy name. BAILEY.



Clouds.

VARYING wreaths of thin, white clouds were seen rapidly flying over the cerulean, increasing, involving, deepening into gloom as they were heaped and hurried on, till sometimes they overspread the entire heavens, sometimes breaking apart left wide spaces, and less rifts of bright blue sky, between which the stars appeared like flights of golden birds winging their way after the swift moon.

MISS PORTER.

Solitude.

Who contemplates, aspires, or dreams, is not
Alone ; he peoples with rich thoughts the spot.
The only loneliness, — how dark and blind ! —
Is that where fancy cannot dupe the mind ; —
Where the heart, sick, despondent, tired with all,
Looks joyless round, and sees the dungeon wall ; —
When even God is silent, and the curse
Of stagnor, settles on the universe ; —
When prayer is powerless, and one sense of death
Abysses all, save solitude on earth. NEW TMON.

Solitude.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
 dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er sleep and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores
 unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of
 men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen !
With none who bless us, none whom we can
 bless ;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

BYRON.



Reflections.

I WELCOME you, ye wild breezes which are melting away the winter's snow. I bless you, bright spring sun, which brings life and warmth into the dust of the grave! from the home of death, from the silent church-yard, I have to-day greeted life, where the unquietly beating heart, where every thing finds peace. I myself, feel in my breast (which time has not yet been able to harden,) the unquiet prisoner, which beats so tumultuously now in sorrow and now in gladness, and it does me good to think, that *mine*, too, shall be one day among the quiet ones. MISS BREMER.

Irony.

THERE is a bitterness of irony to which no other mode of expressing strong resentment is comparable for force and fearfulness. MISS PORTER.

Consciousness.

Oh turn those eyes away from me,
Though sweet yet fearful are their rays ;
And though they beam so tenderly
I feel I tremble neath their gaze.

Oh turn those eyes away ; for though
To meet their glance I may not dare,
I know their light is on my brow
By the warm blood that mantles there.

MRS. BUTLER.

Woman.

I BELIEVE

That woman in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light.

LONGFELLOW.



To the Herb Rosemary.

SWEET-SENTED flower ! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
 To waft thy waste perfume !
Come, thou shalt form thy nosegay now,
And I will twine thee round my brow ;
 And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I' ll weave a melancholy song.
And sweet the strain shall be and long
 The melody of death.

Come funeral flower ! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in the lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
 A sweet decaying smell.

Come press my lips and lie with me
Beneath the lonely alder tree,
 And we shall sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude
 So peaceful and so deep.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.

Instantaneous Impressions.

OH there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart ;
As if the soul that instant caught
Some treasure it though life had sought,
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again
Sparkled and spoke before us then.

MOORE.

Dreams.

EVIL is in love,
And ever those who are unhappiest have
Their hearts' desire the oftenest, but in dreams.
Dreams are mind-clouds, high and unshapen beauties,
Or but, God-shaped, like mountains which contain
Much and rich matter ; often not for us,
But for another. Dreams are rudiments
Of the great state to come. We dream what is
About to happen to us.

BAILEY.

Dissimulation.

TIMID natures are ever in danger of being driven into dissimulation, when too severely taxed about their actions, or visited for their errors. MISS PORTER.

Lost Love.

Is there any anguish like that of losing love by a fault? — any pain like that slow bitterness which comes upon the heart when the certainty of its actual loss becomes fully perceptible to it? Reason said it must be so, imagination anticipated it, fear shrank from it, but love itself stood tremulous and unbelieving, till that certainty fell upon it and crushed it; and then it lay still beneath the weight, stunned and motionless, but yet alive, and living forever, though living only to suffer.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

Charity.

THEN gently scan your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kenning wrang ;
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark
The moving why they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

BURNS.

A HUMAN bosom — great, full of love as
the heavens, true, gentle and pure — O!
there is a world in which to live! perfect,
beautiful and eternal. There is the fire of
passion, purified but not quenched, the un-
quiet is made quiet; the strength is exalted
and confirmed.

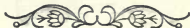
MISS BREMER.



Life.

LIFE is rich and beautiful. God's goodness is inexhaustible; why then should our hearts cease to receive it? Why should they wither away so long as there flow such wells of enjoyment? If they do, it must be their own fault. They contract themselves; they close themselves; they will not expand in order to rejoice in the joy of others, to admire the beauty of the world. Ah! that is poverty of soul. I desire it not. I will keep my soul open; spring and friendship, and song live perpetually on the earth. Heavy and woful times may come, but they must go again, and even while they last, shall we no longer look at the sunshine which falls on our lives, as on that which is turned away from it?

MISS BREMER.



Music.

MUSIC! — oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breath her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they;
Oh! 't is only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

MOORE.

Sadness.

SADNESS is itself sometimes more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large, than the individual, and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit.

H. K. WHITE.



First and Only Love.

SHE never loved but once,
And then her love did seem
Like the opening of the tomb,
Or the weaving of a dream : —
A premature betrothing
To immortal things, —
A momentary clothing
With an angel's wings.

She never loved but once,
And then she learnt to feel
The wounds that Love inflicts,
That Love alone can heal,
For as that light of life
Slowly faded by,
She calmed her spirit's strife
In her wish to die.

Yet loved, and Memory drew
Some joy from all the pain,—
Her heart was kind to all
But never loved again.
She bid it cease to beat,
Till in yon sky above,
Love with love should meet,
First and only love.

MILNES.

Beauty.

THE ancients called beauty the flowing of virtue. Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed, for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love known and described in society, but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, to what roses and violets hint and foreshow. We cannot approach beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean

Paul Rechter signify, when he said to music, "Away! away! thou speakest to me of the things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find."

EMERSON.

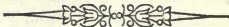
Sordid Love.

I GAVE thee, love, a snow-white wreath,
Of lilies for thy raven hair,
Alas, that now another's gift,
Rubies and gold should glitter there.

I saw this morn that lily wreath
Neglected thrown upon the ground,
And then I saw upon that brow
That chaplet of those rubies bound.

'T is no new passion, no new face,
Hath won thy fickle heart from me ;
That, I had better borne, than know
That gold hath wrought this change in thee.

L. E. L.



Kisses.

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,
Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mixed ;
With these the magic dews which evening brings
Brushed from the Idalian star by fairy wings ;
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he joined,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind —
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness
glow

And Hope the blameless parasite of woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs ;
Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamored
dove

Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
The finished work might Envy vainly blame,
And " Kisses " was the precious compound name,
With half, the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

COLERIDGE.



Love.

EVERY promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments ; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life ; * * * *

* * What fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties ? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the developement of the romance. All mankind love a lover, * * *
No man ever forgot the visitations of that

power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn, in him, of music, poetry and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone. When no place is too solitary, and none too silent, for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his own thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him, * * * When the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined with song. The passion rebuilds the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant, nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the trees sing now to his

heart and soul. The notes are almost articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and he almost fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitudes he finds a dearer home than with men. *

* * * * * The lover cannot paint the maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness is society for itself, and she teaches his eye why Beauty was pictured with Loves and Graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she excludes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal, large, mundane, so that the maiden stands, to him for a representative of all select things and virtues.

For that reason, the lover never sees personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others. His friends find in her a likeness to her mother, or to persons not of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds. EMERSON.

HER love

Was such as hearts of poetry
Alone can feel — the meek-eyed dove
Is not so gentle — and the sky
Which looks on classic Italy,
Doth emblem less pure thoughts above
Than this, while love is truth. But stain
Its purity by one light blot,
Break but one link of passion's chain —
Let one kind accent be forgot —
One cold look for a fond one given —
The spirit breaks which bendeth not,
Withereth but upbraideth not,
And calmly takes its peaceful flight to Heaven.

* * * * *

I said she had not wept — but tears

Must have their flow — and though the pride
Of the wronged heart may quell for years
The gushing of their cooling tide,
Let but one soft feeling fall
Like moon-light on a dark cloud ; giving
The thoughts a brighter hue — and all
The portals of the heart are living
With the thick rush of tears. L. E. L.

Silence.

It is said that if a silken thread be tied around a perfectly moulded bell at the moment of sounding, the bell will burst asunder, and shiver into a thousand pieces. So it is when a heart of perfect and delicate harmony in itself, seeks to manifest its life among other hearts, the slightest revulsion is enough to destroy the expression forever.

* * * * * There is no expression for perfect happiness but perfect silence. It is not human enough for language ; and the fullest concord of harmonious sounds is, after all, only a sigh

after *the Infinite*. No sound in the whole catalogue of earthly notes expresses unmixed joy but the laughter of a very young child, and we all know how that changes to tears in a moment. Yet if speech and sound are but the voice of longing, so after all is silence, rightly understood, only the voice of wailing. When will the Future come wherein the Present shall satisfy the soul ?

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

Love.

HE, who for love hath undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier, thousand fold than one
Who never loved at all ;

A grace within his soul has reigned,
Which nothing else can bring —
Thank God for all that I have gained,
By that high suffering !

MILNES.



Pleasure.

THAT delight which we do not pay with pain is ever worth seeking; every particular pleasure swells our account of happiness, and it is a false wisdom that pretends to despise pleasure. We might as well refuse to live, because we do not exist in the eternal and solid duration of time like the Supreme Being, as decline and despise pleasures because they are transient. What belongs to us that is not so? All is succession; fleeting time bears all away. Our fancies mount the wing, and fly before our possessions vanish. Our wish obtained, desire goes on and leaves possession as a load behind.

MRS. MONTAGUE.



Spring.

OH the inexpressible, delightful spring air! I enjoy it through the open window, sitting among the flowers. The sun penetrates me with new warmth; the birds twitter among the budding trees of the terrace; all is beautiful, wild and glorious. If there is a feeling upon earth, which is delightful, elevating, which calls forth tones of peace and joy, it is that which we experience after hours of pain and sickness, when we return again to life; and to a life in which only spring breezes, spring flowers meet us. How still is everything about us—how open to gladness, disposed for goodness!

MISS BREMER.

— How very desolate that breast must be
Whose only joyance is in memory.—

L. E. L.

The Past.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking on the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and stranged as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when under dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others ; deep as love.
Deep as first-love, and wild with all regret ;
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNISON.



Contemplation.

HE, who, awakened to the inward exercise of thought, delights to build up an inner world in his own spirit, fills the wide horizon of the open sea with the sublime idea of the infinite; his eye dwells especially on the distant line where air and water join, and where stars arise and set in every renewed alteration. In such contemplations there mingles, as in all human joy, a breath of sadness and longing.

HUMBOLT'S KOSMOS.

Love Token.

— OH! only those

Whose souls have felt this one idolatry
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of look
That made each leaf a treasure.

L. E. L.

Music's Power.

HAVE you not heard in music's sound
Some chords which o'er your heart,
First fling a moment's magic round
Then silently depart ?
But when the echo on the air
Roused by that simple lay,
It leaves a world of feeling there
We cannot chase away.

Yes, yes, — a sound hath power to bid them come
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remem-
bered home.

When sitting in your silent home
You gaze around and weep,
Or call to those who cannot come,
Nor wake from dreamless sleep ;
Those chords, so oft as you bemoan
" The distant and the dead,"
Bring dimly back the fancied tone
Of some sweet voice that's fled !

Yes, yes, a sound hath power to bid them come
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remem-
bered home.

And when amid the festal throng,
You are, or would be gay —

And seek to wile with dance and song,
Your sadder thoughts away, —
They strike those chords, and smiles depart,
As, rushing o'er your soul
The untold feelings of the heart
Awake and spurn control !
Yes, yes, a sound has power to bid them come
Youth's half-forgotten hopes, childhood's remem-
bered home. MRS. NORTON.

Twilight.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lamps of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

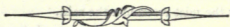
LONGFELLOW.

The Author.

STILL those wild and valueless essays, those soft and secret confessions of his own heart, were a delight to him. He began to taste the transport, the intoxication of an author. And oh! what a luxury is there in that first love of the muse! that process by which we give a palpable form to the long intangible visions which have flitted across us; the beautiful ghost of the ideal within us, which we invoke in the Godara of our still closets, with the wand of the simple pen. BULWER.

Memory.

Yes, memory has honey cells,
And some of them are ours;
For in the sweetest of them dwells
The dream of early hours. L. E. L.



Night.

YE stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, — 't is to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-
selves a star.

All heaven and earth are still — though not in
sleep ;
But breathless as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep ; —
All heaven and earth are still ; from the high
host
Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-rest,
All is concentered in a life intense
When not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defense.

BYRON.



Woman's Love,

* * * * SHE thinks that he looks all the better for being pale, or at least, a thousand times more intellectual, and so there gradually blends with her former love for him, that deep reverence which forms the firmest bond of union between the sexes. A man may love, and far oftener than not, does love one beneath him in point of intellect. But it seems as natural for a woman to look up to the object of her affection as the flower to the moon — the glow-worm to the star. * *

Genius.

SHE was not a woman of genius, but she was tremblingly alive to all the influences of genius. Some people seem born with the temperament and the tastes of genius without its creative power — they have its

nervous system, but something is wanting in the intellectual. They feel acutely but express tamely. These persons always have in their character an unspeakable kind of pathos. BULWER.

Love.

ONE finds something among human beings that always tends to thrust them asunder. I grant that envy, pretension, unreasonableness, ennui, and a thousand large and small stones of repulsion are capable of occasioning bitter feeling: I grant, also, that they are felt most keenly exactly when the circle is most confined. That is family life. What then? Is there no power, mild yet energetic, whose efficacy consists in equalizing and sweetening all, and changing even evil into good? Who will not here remember the doctrine of the Apostle, and who has not blessed it a thousand times in his life?— Love is patient and mild.— MISS BREMER.

Night.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which makes thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Stars-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried
Wouldest thou me ?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? And I replied
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY.

Evening.

THE moon was pallid but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint
Serenely moving on her way,
In hours of trial and dismay
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod,
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the gloomy coals and bars
That were to prove her strength and try
Her holiness and her purity.

LONGFELLOW.

Romance and Reality.

THE romancer distils life; he makes a day out of ten years, and out of a hundred grains of corn draws one drop of spirit; it is his trade. The reality proceeds in another manner. Rarely come the great events, the powerful scenes of passion. They belong in every-day life, not to the rule, but to the exceptions. On that account, thou good creature! sit not and wail or thou wouldst suffer tedium. Seek not the affluence of life without there; create it in thy own bosom. Love! love the Heaven, Nature, Wisdom, all that is good around thee and thy life will become rich; the sails of its air-ship will fill with the fresh wind, and so gradually soar up to the native regions of light and love.

MISS BREMER.



Poets.

MANY are the poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best ;
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not
 lend

Their thoughts to meaner beings ; they compressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more blest
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties linked to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.

Many are poets but without the name ;

For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling food or ill ; and aim

At an external life beyond our fate,

And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,

Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,

And vultures to the heart of the bestower,

Who having lavished his high gift in vain,

Lies chained to his lone rock by the sea-shore ?

So be it ; we can bear — But thus, all they

Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power,

Which still recoils from its encumbering clay,

Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoever

The form which their creations may essay,

Are bards ;

BYRON.

Nature.

It was evening, and one of those evenings in which a loving peace breaths throughout nature, and man is involuntarily led to a feeling and sentiment of that day in which all yet was good. Glowing and pure, the vault of heaven expanded itself over the earth; and the earth stood like a gothic-crowned and happy bride, beneath the bride-canopy, smiling still, and in full beauty. The sun shone upon golden corn and ruddy fruits. Thick-foliaged and hushed the trees mirrored themselves in the clear lake. Here rose the twitter of a bird, and there the song of a peaceful voice. All seemed full of enjoyment.

MISS BREMER.



Cheerfulness.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breaths from the blossoming
ground.

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and
wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky
The ground squirrel gaily chippers by his den
And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green
vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile on the
flower,
And a laugh from the brook as it runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth, that smiles in his ray,

On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

BRYANE.

Youth.

How bright, how glowing are the waking dreams of the young ! of those who bound into society as the antelope from the hunter's toils, to the freedom of its companions — of those with whom "the bright freshness of morning" lingers ; who believe in the reality of smiles and welcome, and of tears and adieus ; who swear and mean, eternal friendship, with creatures sometimes as young, as fair, as fresh, as ingenuous as themselves ; whose hearts leap as frequently to their lips, as the blushes to their cheeks ; upon whose tongues rest the words of truth, and whose voices are full of the bird-like melody of happiness. Such look out upon the glittering world, and never dream of the volcanoes of human

interest (stronger perhaps, than human passion) that threatens at every step to spring a mine beneath their feet. They gather, trustingly of the fruits that grow upon fair trees, in the worldling's gardens of luxurious pleasures, and instead of the freshness and refreshment they dreamed of—behold, the fruits are filled with dust and ashes, and the bitterness of deceit! When the actual comes upon them, they suffer, not so much for themselves as for others; it is anguish, rather than anger. Their vase is shattered; the pure and holy temple erected above the shrine whereat they worshipped is defiled. They declare they will dream no more, but—women especially—only wake from one to fall into another; and yet, if but one be fully realized in the whole length of life, she may joyfully say, "I have not dreamed in vain."

MRS. S. C. HALL.



Wit.

THOSE that have no wit themselves, look upon it in another as an enemy ; those that have, as a rival ; few make it their acquaintance, fewer still their friend, however, it makes poverty honorable, and indigence respected. Honored, praised and happy are the ingenious, but seldom rewarded or enriched ; fancy treats her children with golden dreams and happy deliriums ; every man's land affords a landscape to the painter, a description or simile for the poet ; even in the mines he may dig for comparisons, though not for gold.

MRS. MONTAGUE.



Life.

LIFE must become light if it will not change itself into a lethargic sadness; into an actual death. In this gloomy disposition of mind, man cannot prepare himself for immortality; because he understands it not, and strives not to make himself worthy of it. We call to mind moments of departed pleasure, more vividly than the past hours of sorrow. This is a hint that life was dear to us. Death must not be regarded as a liberation from prison; it is only a step out of the valley, to the top of the mountain, where we enjoy a more extended prospect, and where we breathe lightly — out of the valley, into which, indeed, the light and warmth of the sun penetrated, and where also the love of God embraces us. Learn properly to understand and love life, if thou wilt rightly understand and love eternity.

MISS BREMER.

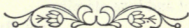
Love.

TRUE love has many counterfeits, and in man at least, possibly requires the touch and mellowness, if not of time, at least of many memories — of perfect and tried conviction of the faith, the worth, and the beauty of the heart to which it clings.

BULWER.

Sympathy.

THERE are ten thousand tones and signs,
We hear and see, but none defines —
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will young hearts and minds,
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how the absorbing fire. BYRON.



Conventionalism.

WE may break the laws of God as often as we please, and we may evade the laws of man, provided we do it cunningly, without fear of losing caste; but the laws of society are sacred, and the woman who neglects them is sentenced ere the crime be consummated. What a nice thing it is to have a number of pretty little conventional channels for the feelings, where they may play about safely and do nobody any harm — only it's a pity they are so shallow — it's bad policy, for a strong current sweeps them all away in an instant.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.



Song.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For so swift it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke,
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LONGFELLOW.

Prudence.

WHAT is generally termed prudence, is seldom other than a cowardly discretion, or a vile selfishness. The *Worldly Prudent* avoids the unhappy, and is sometimes seen to tread upon the fallen, who, he expected would rise no more. MRS. NORTON.

Impatience.

AWAY, away, bear me away,
Into the boundless void, thou mighty wind !
That rushest on thy midnight way,
And leav'st this weary world, far, far, behind !
Away, away, bear me away, away,
To the wide strandless deep,
Ye headlong waters ! whose mad eddies leap
From the pollution of your bed of clay.

Away, away, bear me away, away,
Into the fountains of eternal light,
Ye rosy clouds ! that to my longing sight
Seem melting in the sun's devouring ray !
Away ! away ! Oh, for some mighty blast
To sweep this loathsome life into the past.

MRS. BUTLER.



The Grave.

How peaceful comes the breeze around the burial-place of the dead! how sacred seems, even, the long grass waving by the head-stones of the departed. The soil is consecrated by graves — 't is the last, quiet resting-place of earth; 't is the narrow space which separates us from the awful mysteries of immortality; 't is the threshold of eternity. Here in long, dreamless sleep rests the perishing remains of humanity; and here shall come the first rays of the resurrection dawn, to arouse the slumbering ruins. Here Death once triumphed over life, as he extinguished its light in these dark chambers; but here shall be another conflict; Death shall retire 'mid his own darkness, when beams from the "excellent glory" shine through the opening fissures of the tomb; and bright spirits come in joy again to assume the

once corrupt, now incorruptible tenements prepared for the pure enjoyments of the spiritual world. "HOURS OF LIFE."

Night.

— 'Tis night ; yet oh, how beautiful the night !
So beautiful, I would not wish it day ;
But rather night forever, if the nights
Were all like this. How calm, how still the air !
How soft the moonlight ! how serene the heavens !
How clear the watery mirror spread beneath !
And then how lovely the repose of earth,
Looking tranquility ! I gaze and am
What I behold ! I feel a soothing power
Entering my soul, that mildly whispers peace
And stills the tumult in my troubled breast.

H. PICKERING.



Bid me not Remember.

OH, bid me not remember now,
For darkness, sin and tears,
Have swept forever from my brow
The light of childhood's years.
Once there were hearts that loved me well,
And joys that deathless seemed to swell —
Those joys have faded from my breast,
Those hearts are silent and at rest.
Then bid me not remember now,
Since darkness, sin and tears
Have swept forever from my brow
The light of childhood's years.

The stream that in its earliest glee
Bounds on its onward track,
If once it reached the bitter sea,
Ye may not call it back.
Nor its stained waters ever bring,
Back to their unpolluted spring ;
Nor can ye give again to me,
My youth's light-hearted purity.
Then bid me not remember now ;
For darkness, sin and tears
Have swept forever from my brow
The light of childhood's years.

C. DONOLD MACLEAD.

Song.

I STAYD too late ; — forgive the crime —
Unheeded flew the hours ;
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
Which dazzle as they pass.

O ! who to sober measurement
Time's happy fleetness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings.

HON. R. W. SPENCER.

Romance.

YOUNG maiden who hast merely gone
botanizing into the land of romance, and
there picked up thy knowledge of men
and of the world ; who, on thy entrance
into society anticipated with a fearful pleas-

ure that the men will busy themselves about thee, either as the butterfly about the rose, or the spider about the fly — a word to thee. Be at rest ; the world is not so fearful. The men have too much to do with themselves. Thou wilt have to experience that they will enquire no more after thee, than after the moon, and sometimes even less. Thou arimest thyself, thou of seventeen years to arrest the storm of life ; ah ! thou wilt probably come to have more to do with its inaction. But let not thy courage fail ; there are life and love in the world in the richest abundance, but not often in the form in which they for the most part are established in romances. MISS BREMER.



Prayer.

Ah, mark the strain, sweet sister ! watch and pray,
Wean thy young stainless heart from earthly
things :

Oh ! wait not thou till life's blest morning ray
Only o'er withered hopes its radiance flings ;
But give to Heaven thy sinless spirit now
E're sorrow's tracery mar thy placid brow.

Gentle and pure thou art — yet is thy soul
Fill'd with a maiden's vague and pleasant
dreams,

Sweet phantasies that mock at thought's control,
Like atoms round thee float, in fancy's beams ;
But trust them not young dreamer, bid them flee,
They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Well can I read thy dreams — thy gentle heart
Already woman's in its wish to bless,
Now longs for one to whom it may impart
Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

Thou dreamest too of happiness — the deep
And placid joy which poets paint so well ;
Alas ! man's passions even when they sleep

Like ocean's waves are heaved with secret swell ;
And they who hear the frequent half hushed sigh
Know 't is the wailing of the storm gone by.

Vain are all such visions ! — could'st thou know
The secrets of a woman's weary lot —
Oh ! could'st thou read, upon her pride-veiled
brow,
Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot, —
In humbleness of heart thou would'st kneel down,
And pray for strength to wear her victim — crown.

But thou wilt do as all have done before,
And make thy heart for earthly gods a shrine ;
There all affection's priceless treasures pour,
There hope's fair flowers in native garlands
twine,
And thou wilt meet the recompense all must
Who give to mortal love their faith and trust.

MRS. EMBURY.



Portraits.

As every flower has its moment of perfect beauty, so has a human being moments in which his highest and loveliest life blooms forth, in which he appears what he actually is, what he is in the depth of God's intentions. Those fleeting revelations — for there is nothing abiding on the earth — these are that which the genuine artist seeks to lay hold of; and therefore it is unjust to say of a successful portrait, that it is flattered.

MISS BREMER.

The Faithless One.

FAREWELL! and when the charm of change
Has sunk, as all must sink, in shade;
When joy, a wearied bird begins
The wing to droop, the plume to fade;

When thou thyself, at length, hast felt
What thou hast made another feel —

The hope that sickens to despair —
The wound that time may sear, not heal.

When thou shalt pine for some fond heart,
To beat in answering thine again ;
Then, false one, think once more on me,
And sigh to think it is in vain. L. E. L.

Reflections.

A THRILL passes over us, whensoever we read the name of a place where we have once been happy, but it is the privilege of a tranquil state of melancholy to people the mind with quiet visions of the past, and to embody as it were, and localize the picture by particular features of landscape or even forms and dispositions of furniture, the new bitterness of an unmellowed grief leaves no leisure, no power of such embellishments of sorrow. Those who involuntarily dwell upon unhappy thoughts have either become callous, or were never alive to their acutest painfulness. They know not the

sensation of utter powerlessness which has no alternative but escape or prostration — the cowardice of a bleeding and undefended heart. Every tree or stone that we see has perhaps the power of calling up a phantom from the accusing past ; but we do not think of the trees, or stones, *till* we see them — we are too much occupied by the unwilling contemplation of the shapes which are ever present before us, whether with or without them.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

Awakening.

THE first moment in which the heart suddenly discovers that it is not estimated as it believed itself to be, whether in love or in friendship, overwhelms it with a kind of astonishment very hard to bear. To the change in the present and the future, it may perhaps submit without complaining ; but it is hard to be robbed of the past, which

we had believed irrevocably our own, to look back with distrustful regret to the words, and looks, and tones, the interchange of thought, sympathy, confidence, to all of which a new interpretation is now forcibly affixed, making us impatient and ashamed that we ever lent them any other significance ; to undo, as it were, by a retrospective act, the union which we now find had only an imaginary existence.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

The First Time,

THE first time ! How much of joy, of sorrow, of hope, of fear, do those words recall ! how much of happiness, of misery. They carry us back, as by a magic charm, to the days of childhood and youth. The first remembered kiss and smile from a mother's lips, is again warm upon our cheek, again sheds light within our heart ; the morning and the evening prayer is

lisped forth, the young face upturned to catch the only divinity it, as yet, can understand, the love that beams in a mother's eye. The winding-sheet, the coffin and the grave follow in quick succession. We look upon Death for *the first time*; the loved one is borne from our embrace, to the dark and silent tomb. The first sorrow, the first disappointment! Oh, they sink deep within the heart! Years roll on, but their trace remains for good or ill.— The first love! the love of the young bride for him, the chosen one, the rich, the precious affection of her trusting heart for the first time clothed in words.— The first child! a mother may have many children, all equally dear, all equally beloved, but never can she know, again that joy so undefined, so mixed of smiles and tears that thrilled to her soul when she folded within her arms her first-born child and felt that it was for her to train it for immortality. The first dereliction from virtue to vice! how the blood

tingles in the cheek at the thought of it! No after deed can ever cause such anguish! It is the nature of the human heart to become hardened to pleasure or to pain; repetition dulls the brilliant colors with which anticipation decked our early joys; repetition softens the aspect of vice till gradually, all fear of her is lost. **THE FIRST TIME!** Oh, let it be guarded against in all that is evil! Yield not to the first temptation, the second will be more easily resisted.

MRS. J. THAYER.

The Past.

O, HOW memory loves to rove
And light the field of the past again,
And bring back thoughts of perished love,
To shine like stars in her magic chain,
Like the wandering dove she floats away,
To hours that ever in sunshine lay,
Bringing the blossoms that then were dear,
And wrung from the bosom with many a tear.

L. P. SMITH.

The Calm of Temperament.

HAPPY are they whose bosoms are never shaken with passions, whose blood runs softly, whose earliest companions are virtue and peace. If they continue unspotted — if they fall not — small is their merit.

MISS BREMER.

Genius and Talent.

CAROLINE showed talent in all she undertook; but Evelyn, despite her simplicity, had genius, though as yet scarcely developed; for she had quickness, emotion, susceptibility, imagination; and the difference between talent and genius, lies rather in the heart, than in the head. BULWER.



Life.

LIFE! what is life? When the tempest journeys through space on strong pinions, it sings to me a song which finds an echo in my soul. When the thunder rolls, when the lightning flames, then I divine something of life in its strength and greatness. But this tame every-day life—little virtues, little faults, little cares, little joys, little endeavors — this contracts and stills my spirit. Oh! thou flame which consumest me, what wilt thou? There are moments in which thou illuminest, but eternities, in which thou tormentest and burnest me.

MISS BREMER.



Kisses.

THE fountain mingles with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean ;
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single ;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle —
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother ;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me ?

SHELLEY.

Night and Morning.

So, oh dark mystery of the moral world !
so, unlike the order of the external universe,
glide together, side by side, the shadowy
steeds of *Night and Morning*. Examine life

in its own world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible, yet airier and less substantial system, doing homage to the sun, to whose throne, afar in the infinite space, the human heart has no wings to flee. In life, the mind and the circumstance, give the two seasons, and regulate the darkness and the light. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous noon, the other shudders in the solitude of night. For Hope and Fortune the day-star is ever shining. The Anmuth Strathlendes lives ever in the air. For Care and Penury night changes not with the ticking of the clock, or the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, night for the houseless, and God's eye in both.

BULWER.



May Morning.

THE bright May-morning's come again
With balmy air and showers,
And through the wood and in the glen
Is borne the breath of flowers.

And music floats upon the air
And sighs along the plain,
The feathered songsters everywhere
Pour forth their gladsome strain

Maidens and youths come hail the morn !
The birth of winsome May,
Come twine ye garlands to adorn
Your brows this bright spring day.

Blue violets are over all the plain
And cowslips by the brook —
Come, gather for Love's fairy chain
From every dell and nook.

And as ye twine your fragrant wreath
And sing your merry lay
Let each young, thrilling bosom breathe
A welcome to sweet May.

MRS. J. THAYER.

Farewell.

FAREWELL ! that little word has power
To wake the thought that none may know
A cloud to shade the sunniest hour,
And steep the brightest scenes in woe.

Farewell ! farewell ! — the heart will feel
What words may never, never tell ;
The throbbing brow may not reveal
What broods in memory's mystic cell.

It withers not, — that growing thorn ;
It passes not, — that endless sting ;
That swelling tide is onward borne,
Till death shall drain its bitter spring.

But not to Death the power is given
To gild a brighter scene than this —
To twine the wreath by sorrow riven,
And wake the angel smile of peace.

But there are bright and azure fields,
Where willow never droops its head,
Nor wasted grief her form reveals,
Her cypress shades the lonely dead.

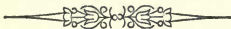
The storm is past, — the dream is gone, —
The heart has burst its mournful spell, —
The song of love flows gently on,
Nor fears the saddening word — Farewell!

MARY H. MANN.

Autumn.

THERE is something melancholy, but pleasing to my mind, in the scenes of Autumn. The withered herbage, the yellow and falling leaf — the cold gusts of wind — all remind me of the grave. Yet it is not a gloomy thought. As Autumn, in due season, is followed by Spring, and nature revives from her desolation and is again clothed in the richest verdure — so, to the Christian, with the idea of the grave is associated that of the resurrection, “when this mortal shall put on immortality.”

MELVILLE.



Rhymeless Poets.

THERE'S many a heart, the soul of song,
Did but the owner know it,
To music's loftiest tones hath strung ; —
In all but verse a poet.

Like slumbering echoes lulled by eve,
There's many a spirit lone, that deep
Within the breast may voiceless heave,
And ne'er to thrilled existence leap.

How dreamless swells the dark-sea's breast
Of all her dazzling gems !

Her ocean-stars in radiant rest,
And mermaid diadems.

So sleeps the soul with genius fraught,
In shadowy, dim unknowingness,
While diamond dream and starry thought
Are sparkling in its deep recess.



Flowers.

WHY does not everybody, who can afford it, have a geranium in his window? It is very cheap — its cheapness is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it, for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity, and, such being the case, and living as it does, purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it? We receive in imagination, the scent of these good-natured leaves, which allow you to carry their perfume on your fingers; for good-natured they are, in that respect, above almost all other plants, and fittest for the hospitalities of your room. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it, and something analogous to clothing and comfort.

LIEGH HUNT.

An Epigram.

IN the "Loves of the Angels," 't is sung, that
they fled
From the skies, happy mortals to love and to
wed ;—
If angels wooed mortals, and thought it no sin,
A mortal forgive, who an angel would win !

FLACCUS.

June.

WHO loveth not the month of flowers ?
If any such exist, it has never been my fortune
to meet with one, and I fain would hope I never may.
For myself, I love this month with its beauty and gladness,
and its ever welcome flowers. It is like the heart of
childhood, ever revealing its heavenly birth in the music
of its joyousness. And then, too, the calm, still twilight
hour, when the voices of the day are hushed, and there
is no tone heard save the low voice of the past as it
speaketh to the soul.

The deepening shadow, the floating cloud, the balmy breeze, all awaken the hidden feelings of the soul, and attune our hearts to the melody of praise. Gladness dwelleth within the bowers of June, and its roses are fair to view. Even "the bonnie white rose," which "is withering and a," is now in beauty robed, emblem of "sadness" though it be. The rose hath ever been "Love's token flower," yet this pale blossom speaks of "sadness," alas! that they should be so often linked.

POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

The St. Lawrence.

EVENING SCENE.

FROM the moment the sun is down, every thing becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook, and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles wide immediately before us, and

a little way to the right, spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes for an hour the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and on two of these evenings we have been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe which occasionally appeared and disappeared on the sparkling river, and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sportive insect. In another instance, a large boat with more numerous and less melodious voices, not indeed in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few moments after the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole expanse of water into one vast sheet of glittering silver, and in the very brightest spot, at the

distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

SILLIMAN.

Bashfulness.

THERE are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness; this, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.

HENRY MACKENZIE.



A Farewell to America.

FAREWELL ! my more than fatherland !
Home of my heart and friends adieu !
Lingering beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you !
How often, o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieve for me, — for whom I grieve !

We part ! — no matter how we part,
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot !
Why murmur at the common lot ?
We part ! — I speak not of the pain,—
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again ?

It must be months, it may be years, —
It may — but no ! — I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom,— fond eyes with tears,
“ Curious to shape uncertain ill ”
Though humble, — few and far, — yet, still
Those hearts and eyes are ever dear ;
Their's is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear.

All I have seen, and all I see,
Only endears them more and more ;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,
Affection lives when all is o'er !
Farewell my more than native shore !
I do not seek or hope to find,
Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind !

R. H. WILDE.

The Lover.

THITHER daily, in rain and sunshine, came the solitary lover, as a bird that seeks its young in the deserted nest : again and again he haunted the spot where he had strayed with the lost one ; again and again murmured his passionate vows beneath the fast-fading limes. Are those vows destined to be ratified or annulled ? Will the absent forget, or the lingerer be consoled ? Had the characters of that young romance been lightly stamped on the fancy, where, once obliterated, they are erased forever ; or

were they graven deep in those tablets where the writing, even when invisible, exists still, and revives, sweet letter by letter when the light and the warmth borrowed from one bright presence are applied to that faithful record? There is but one wizard to disclose that secret, as all others: the old grave-diggers, whose church-yard is the earth—whose trade is to find burial-places for passions that seemed immortal—disintering the ashes of some long crumbling memory, to hollow out the dark bed of some new-cherished hope: He who determines all things, and prophecies none; for his oracles are uncomprehended till the doom is sealed: He, who in the bloom of the fairest affection, detects the hectic that consumes it, and while the hymn rings at the altar, marks with his joyless eye the grave for the bridal vow. Wherever is the sepulchre there is thy temple, oh melancholy Time!

BULWER.

I am not Old.

I AM not old — though years have cast
Their shadows on my way ;
I am not old — though youth has passed
On rapid wings away.
For in my heart a fountain flows
And round it pleasant thoughts repose ;
And sympathies and feelings high,
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old — time may have set
“ His signal on my brow,”
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now :
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves ;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine

PARK BENJAMIN.



Stanzas.

THE speakers here, are a dying girl and her lover. The ardent passion manifested by the youth suggests to the girl several images under which she supposes that he will delight to personify her after her death. The stanzas are in the form of a dialogue — the girl suggesting the particular images in succession, and the lover responding.

“ Even as a flower ? ”

No, fairest ; be not to me as a flower ; —

The uncertain sun calls forth its odorous breath ;
The sweetest perfume gives the speediest death—

“ The sport and victim of a summer hour.

Fairest, be not a flower ! ”

“ Even as a star ? ”

“ No, brightest ; be not to me as a star ;—

’T is one of millions, and the hurrying cloud
Oft wraps the glitt’ring splendor in its shroud ;

Morn pales its lustre, and it shines afar.

Brightest, be not a star ! ”

“ Even as a dove ? ”

“ No purest ; be not to me as a dove ; —

The spoiler oft breaks in upon its rest,
Robbing the downy joys of its soft nest,
And plunging silence through its native grove.
Purest, be not a dove ! ”

“ Even as a rock ? ”

“ No, my most faithful ; be not as a rock ; —
It mocks the embracing wave ; or stands alone
In loveless gloom, in dreary wastes unknown,
Senseless alike to fortune’s smile or shock.
Changeless, be not a rock ! ”

“ Even as myself ? ”

“ My soul’s best idol, be but as thyself ;
Brighter than star, fairer than flower,
Purer than dove, and in thy spirit’s power
Steadier than rock !

Yes ! be thyself, thyself — only thyself ! ”

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.



First Grief.

THERE is unspeakable pathos in the first great grief. When the sky is already streaked with clouds, a gathering and deepening of those clouds, may be felt to enhance, while it alters the beauty ; but if it be stainless blue, the tiniest speck seems a defacement. There is an instinctive love of purity in man, whether it present itself to him in the shape of childhood's innocence or of childhood's happiness ; in either case, he so shrinks from the thought of its first deterioration, as, in some moods, to deem death preferable to it.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.



Song.

By the clear silver tones of thy heavenly voice,
By the sparkling blue eyes of the maid of my
 choice,
By the bright, sunny ringlets, were I on a throne,
And thou what thou art, I should make thee my
 own.

By the smile on thy lip — by the bloom on thy
 cheek —
By thy looks of affection — the words thou dost
 speak —
By the heart warm with love in that bosom of
 snow,
I love thee much more than thou ever can'st know.

I love thee — I love thee — what can I say more,
Than tell what I have told thee so often before ;
While others may court thee, may flatter, and
 praise,
Forget not our younger and happier days.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.



Childhood.

How easily are the sympathies of childhood awakened — how readily the young heart responds to the tones of kindness and affection, and bares its every thought, fair as the mirrored surface of a summer lake. Why can it not be ever thus? O, why must the world's first lesson be deceit? Why must the teachings of experience be suspicion and mistrust; and Time, as he brushes the peach-like blossom from the cheek of young beauty, leave upon the heart the traces of vanity, and pride, and selfishness? Why must the warm, gushing streams of benevolence, and friendship, and love, be stayed in their course by the cold policy of a heartless world? Heavenly Father, why is it that while we gaze with admiration upon the out-pourings of some generous heart — even as we look, the scene changes, the fair page is marred, and dark suspicion broods where so lately were

Hope, and Faith, and Trust? Mysterious are the works of thy hand, O, Lord! but in mercy teach thy erring-children to know that thy wisdom cannot err, and when most it seems shrouded in darkness, teach them to trust in thee, who alone can'st make the darkness light! MRS J. THAYER.

A Simile.

I SAW on the top of a mountain high
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star that had left the sky,
And dropped to sleep on the mountain's height.

I climb'd the peak and I found it soon
A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon,
Can'st thou its hidden sense impart?
A cheerful look and a broken heart.

PERCIVAL.



Friendship.

How common a mistake it is for those who feel keenly and are anxious not to betray their feelings, to suppose that the silence, or the unwary word, or the change of subject, or the indifference of tone in him who listens, proves that the secret is still unguessed. How often are all these only the shyness of sincere love which waits for leave ere it will tell how much it knows! How often are they the result of a sympathy so profound and so perfect that it forebodes what it does not know, but with the modesty of true friendship, shrinks from assuming more than the will of the friend has accorded—shrinks even from seeming to suggest, or to desire what that will has not spontaneously originated! Thus may the very delicacy of affection pass for coldness, which, like that of the polar regions, burns like fire if you grasp it unawares.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

The Heart.

THE human heart — that restless thing !

The tempter and the tried ;

The joyous, yet the suffering —

The source of pain and pride ;

The gorgeous thronged — the desolate,

The seal of love, the lair of hate —

Self-strong and self defined !

Yet do we bless thee as thou art,

Thou restless thing, the human heart.

BOSTON THURSDAY MESSENGER.

Intemperance.

SUCH was the end of Henry Herbert. His clear and lofty mind, his high ambition, the treasures of learning and talent, his bright prospects of peace and happiness, all blighted by one act of folly. Such are the fruits of intemperance. Its breath is as the simoon of the desert, withering the fairest flowers of promise, and making sere the first green leaves of spring. It dries up the

genial sources of benevolence, and friendship, and love; the waters of discord, and hatred, and madness, flow in their stead. Death broods beneath its wings, and the grave yawns for its victims. Its victims! O, you may recognize them, for the mark of sin and death is upon them. Their eyes are cast down, for they know that contempt and scorn will meet them wherever they turn. They tremble as they walk, for the god of their idolatry is inexorable in his demands. Health and strength, reputation, self-respect, reason, one by one, are offered on his shrine—nor does he withhold his grasp even then. Life, life he claims, nor rests till it is obtained.

MRS. J. THAYER.



The Song of the Birds.

WITH what a gentle dirge its voice did fill
The vast and empty hollow of the night! —
It had perched itself upon a tall old tree,
That hung its tufted and thick-clustering leaves
Midway across the brook ; and sung most sweetly,
In all the merry and heart-broken sadness
Of those that love hath crazed ; Clearly it ran
Through all the delicate compass of its voice : —
And then again, as from a distant hollow,
I heard its sweet tones like an echo sounding,
And coming, like the memory of a friend
From a far distant country — or the silent land
Of the mourned and the dead, to which we all are
passing.

It seemed the song of some poor broken heart,
Haunted forever with love's cruel fancies! —
Of one that has loved much — yet never known
The luxury of being loved again!

But when the morning broke, and the green
woods

Were all alive with birds — with what a clear
And ravishing sweetness, sung the plaintive thrush;
I love to hear its delicate rich voice,
Chanting through all the gloomy day, when loud
Amid the trees is dropping the big rain,

And gray mists wrap the hills;—for aye the
sweeter

Its song is when the day is sad and dark. And
thus,

When the bright fountains of a woman's love
Are gently running over, if a cloud

But darken, with its melancholy shadow

The bright flowers round our way; her heart

Doth learn new sweetness, and her rich voice falls

With more delicious sweetness on our ear.

LONGFELLOW.

Books.

GOLDEN volumes! richest treasures!

Objects of delicious pleasures!

You my eyes rejoicing please,

You my hands in rapture seize

Brilliant wits and musing sages,

Lights who beamed through many ages!

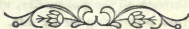
Left to your conscious leaves their story,

And dared to trust you with their glory;

And now their hope of fame achiev'd,

Dear volumes!—you have not deceived!

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.



Miserere Nobis.

WHO can describe the *misereres* of the Sistine Chapel? Never by mortal sense was heard a strain of such powerful, such heart-moving pathos! The accordant tones of a hundred human voices, and one that seemed more than human, ascended together to heaven for mercy to mankind, for pardon to a guilty and sinning world. It had nothing in it of this earth, nothing that breathed the ordinary feelings of our nature. It seemed as if every sense and power had been concentrated into that plaintive expression of lamentation, of deep suffering, and supplication which possesses the soul. It was the strain that disembodied spirits might have used who had just passed the boundaries of death, and sought release from that mysterious weight of woe and tremblings of mortal agony that they had suffered in the passage to the grave. It was the music of another state of being. COOMBE ALBEY.

Song.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea !

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest where they shine ;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men ;
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep —
Sweet spirit meet me then.

There is an hour when holy dreams,
Through slumber fairest glide ;
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam ;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my my dream.

BULWER.

Youth and Hope and Love.

IN early youth, when life is new,
The heart expands with hope and joy ;
Each object is of brightest hue,
And pleasure seems without alloy.

The heart is warm, no chilling fears
Its feelings yet from virtue sever ;
And hope a smiling aspect wears
And sweetly seems to say — “ forever.”

And if sometimes a sudden storm
Strikes terror to the youthful breast,
Returning sunbeams bright and warm
Restore its peaceful, happy rest.

But soon, alas ! too soon 't is past !
And peace gives way to bitter care
For friends, deceitful friends, have cast
Aside the veil they wont to wear.

Love ! thou dear source of all our bliss,
Thou bitterest cause of all our woe !
Say must thy torments never cease,
Till thou hast laid thy victim low ?

Is there no happiness for those
Who kneel in worship at thy shrine?
No! but one beam thy smile bestows
And tears of anguish then are thine
Forever!
Love may not from misery sever.

MRS. J. THAYER.

Youth and Hope and Love.

O YOUTH, and Hope, and Love, formed
for companionship ye are! wherefore,
wherefore must ye part? Gentle sisters
ye are, why must the bands that unite ye
be severed? Bright is the wreath with
which your brows are twined, why must
it fade so soon? O why should youth
wear the mark of age, and hope be lost in
the dark garment of despair, and love die
beneath the breath of worldly policy? Go,
ask it of the summer flowers that open
their petals to the morning light, and shed
their fragrance on the evening breeze, and

a voice from their midst answers, "It is *His* will who made us." Ask that bright plumed bird, that wounded and bleeding sinks to the earth, and does not its parting breath whisper, "It is *His* will?" Ask the stars that nightly gem the vault of heaven, and ten thousand voices answer, "It is *His* will." Ay, it is *His* will.

MRS. J. THAYER.

Politeness.

THIS word among the Ancients signified the polish of citizens — the civility and kindness which we owe to every one, rich or poor, old or young. True politeness springs from the heart and is easily distinguished from that affectation of the virtue by which some persons attempt to conceal their uncivil and unkind feelings. There are certain external manifestations of politeness which no person of refinement can ever omit, a certain regard for the feelings

and convenience of those with whom they are brought in contact in the high-ways and by-ways of life, a stepping aside to avoid jostling in crowded thoroughfares, a nod of the aristocratic head in reply to the uplifted plebeian hat. Such little demonstrations give but little trouble and bespeak a kind and generous nature.

The French, as a nation, are particularly noted for politeness. I remember to have read of a gentleman who, walking along a very muddy street, and picking his way carefully to save, if possible, his polished boots from being soiled, observed, on the opposite side of the street, a porter carrying a heavy burden; whilst gazing upon him with feelings of commiseration, a gust of wind blew the man's hat from his head and carried it, dancing through the mud. The gentleman, at once forgetting his boots, skipped after the hat, which having regained he placed it upon the poor man's head, and then leisurely resumed his walk. F. E. T.

Something New.

Still sighs the world for something new,
For something new.

Imploring me, imploring you,
Some Will o' the wisp to help pursue ;
Imploring me, imploring you,
For something new.

Each pleasure tasted fades away,
It fades away ;
Nor you, nor I, can bid it stay ;
A dew drop trembling on a spray ;
A rainbow at the close of day ;
Nor you, nor I, can bid it stay,
It fades away.

ANONYMOUS.



Marriage.

It is most genial to a soul refined

When love can smile, unblushing, unconcealed,
When mutual thoughts and words and acts are
kind,

And inmost hopes and feelings are revealed,
When interest, duty, trust, together bind,

And the heart's deep affections are unsealed,
When for each other live the kindred pair, —
Here is indeed a picture passing fair!

Hail, happy state! which few have heart to sing,

Because they feel how faintly words express
So kind, and dear, and chaste, and sweet a thing

As tried affection's lasting tenderness; —
Yet stop, my venturous muse, and fold thy wing,
Nor, to a shrine so sacred, rudely press;
For, marriage, — thine is still a silent boast,
Like beauty unadorned, adorned the most.

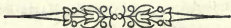
TUPPER.

Conversation.

THE style of Mr. Thornton's conversation was perfectly new to her, and she enjoyed it not a little. Nothing seemed to

come amiss to him ; no subject was wanted, no remark unanswered. From theology down to gourmandism, from politics to picnics — wherever the conversation-ball glanced, there was he ready to catch and to return it with untiring vigor. If he had no argument at hand, he had a simile ; and if that failed him, he supplied its place by a jest. Nothing was too deep or too shallow, too high or too low, but his wit could touch or his fancy embellish it. She had no time, even if she had been capable of doing so ; — she could only admire. And a strange kind of feeling came upon her as she walked meditatively back to the drawing room, as though all deep thought and laborious study were but waste of time, and there was no topic but could be fully discussed and satisfactorily settled in a conversation.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.



Marriage.

THE bard has sung God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete !

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness ; these hurt, impede,
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance and
fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart to pine, and pant,
and beat.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, un-
quaffed,
Suffers recoils, then, thirsty and despairing,
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest
draught. MARIA BROOKS.



Presentiments.

It is through the most trifling agencies that deep sorrow generally enters into the heart of a woman; from the most inconsequent springs, that the full consciousness of her unhappiness is filtered into her entire being. An indistinct whisper — a word overheard by chance — a gloom upon the countenance of a friend whose usual greeting is a smile — all these become prophecies by an intuitive faculty, incomprehensible even to herself, and which is called into existence on the eve of a misfortune destined to give its color to her future fate; and she murmurs to herself, "I am about to be wretched," with the same innate conviction as that of the wild bird, to which the trembling of foliage, and the wail of the wind as it sweeps over the high grass and along the surface of the water, reveal the approach of the yet unseen storm.

MISS PARDOE.

Thy Smiles.

I KNOW I share thy smiles with many,
Yet still thy smiles are dear to me ;
I know that I far less than any,
Call out thy spirit's witchery ;
But yet I cannot help when nigh thee,
To seize upon each glance and tone,
To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
And count them o'er whene're alone.

But why, O, why on all thus squander
The treasures one alone can prize, —
Why let the looks at random wander
Which beam from those deluding eyes ?
Those syren tones, so lightly spoken,
Cause many a heart I know to thrill ;
But mine, and only mine, till broken,
In every pulse must answer still.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Wounded Affection.

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals — so it is the nature

of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercise that gladdens the spirits, quickens the pulses, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken — the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams — “dry sorrow drinks her blood,” — until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailment. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low — but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The Flight of Time.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away ;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way ;
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither ;
Cheeks are bright then fade and die ;
Shapes of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions hurry by ;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Poetry.

THERE can be no heart so cold that it has not often acknowledged that there is, in life, much poetry that has never been

written or told — which does not often thrill with emotions which it can never express. The heart is like some harp, which a master's touch can awaken to the proudest, loftiest harmony, but whose strings will vibrate with soft and tremulous melody beneath the zephyr which floats over its chords. Great and insulated events awaken us to deep and more definable feeling; they are the master's touch. The thousand little things, the "beauty all around our daily paths" — those slight occurrences which many fail to observe, are the soft vibrations of the breeze which sweeps over it. It is a pleasing study for those who love to speculate upon such subjects, rather than to mingle in the turmoil of life, to mark the thousand ways in which this unwritten poetry of the heart springs forth to life and being; and to note those national, sectional differences, which distinguish one portion of human nature from another. FLORENCE.

The Aching Heart.

I'm weary of this weary world — I'm weary of its
grief ;

My sickening spirit turns away, and vainly seeks
relief ;

In vain, in vain I pray for bliss, in vain I pray to
know

If pure unsullied happiness dwells in this vale of
woe ;

My wounded soul can find no joy, no healing balm
to stay

The deep and fearful gush of griefs that on my
spirit weigh ;

On, through the dim dark dreariness of coming
shadowy years,

My fancy roves, and meets a waste, a wilderness of
fears.

So dark, so drear, that Death's dark vale would be
to me more sweet,

And all the terrors of the tomb I would not fear to
meet.

One voice is wanting to my ear, one deep, low,
silvery voice,

To breathe its tones of music out, and bid my
heart rejoice ;

One glance forth from that flashing eye to chase
away my night,

One glance of love ! -- oh ! would it not o'erwhelm
me in its light,

To hear love's own sweet language fall from his
dear lips on me ?

Peace ! peace, my fondly picturing heart it is but
mockery.

It cannot be — it may not be — for "WOMAN'S LOT"
is thine ;

Concealment shall feed on thy cheek, and thou in
sorrow pine.

Can I not bid my heart be free ? Will not my
woman's pride

Come now in its o'ermastering strength my wasted
love to hide ;

Shall all the gushing tenderness which others
sought to wake

Come rushing from unfathomed depths with its
own weight to break,

I will not yield me up to dreams ; my spirit shall
not bow

In tame submission to a spell his heart can never
know ;

I will awake my slumbering soul, I will again be
free,

And change into forgetfulness, all my idolatry ;

No flush shall deepen on my brow, no trembling
seize my frame,
When from the gay and heartless throng, I hear
his once loved name.

'T is vain ! — I wreath my face in joy, and teach
my lip to smile,
But oh ! my aching, saddened heart seems bursting
all the while ;
For sorrow's wasting blight has found its way into
my heart,
And now Hope's budding visions fade, Youth's
morning dreams depart ;
And the bright sunny smile of joy, that on my
cheek should bloom,
Has given place to sorrow's sigh, the gushing tear
of gloom ;
And joyous glances of the eye that once could flash
with mirth,
Have gone, and tell in quenched beams, how fade
the joys of earth.

They tell me I am beautiful, and speak to me of
love ;
But life too early lost its charm—their praises can-
not move ;
I listen to the honied words they breathe into my
ear,—

They fall like Afric's parching sands on the wild
desert drear ;
I listen — and I smile perchance, or wipe a tear
away ;
But the blest hope of that bright world, unsullied
by decay,
Buys my sad soul above its gloom, above its
earthly strife,
And bids me plume my fainting wings for realms
of endless life.

NINA.

The Bride.

AND the bride — is there no alloy to her bliss ? Hard, indeed, and unnatural must that heart be, that can bid farewell to parents, brothers, sisters, home without a sigh ; Never can woman forget the home of her childhood ! Let her hopes, her prospects for the future be ever so bright, the hour of parting is one of sorrow. Though she love the being, for whose sake she is willing to leave all that has hitherto made her little world of happiness — though she love him

with all the devotion of which woman's heart is capable — in that hour the parent's claim predominates. Though her lot be cast among the happy — though prosperity smile upon her, and affection shed its cheering influence around her, and the cares and sorrows, and disappointments of this life pass lightly over her — still will her heart, go back to the scenes she has left — still will memory recal the fireside circle, and the song and laugh of other days will sound in her ears. A father's blessing, a mother's prayer, and the sweet and sacred influences of sisterly love can never lose their power — can never be forgotten.

MRS. J. THAYER.



The Bride.

I came, and she was gone
Yet I had seen her from the altar led,
With silvery veil but slightly swept aside,
The fresh, young rose-bud deepening in her cheek,
And on her brow the sweet and solemn thought
Of one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence mid the gathered throng,
The stranger, and the hard of heart did draw
Their breath suppress, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the majestic sire
Shrink as with smothered sorrow, when he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime.

Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand its thornless joys,
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea ! and its own life, lays them all,
Meek and unblenching, on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

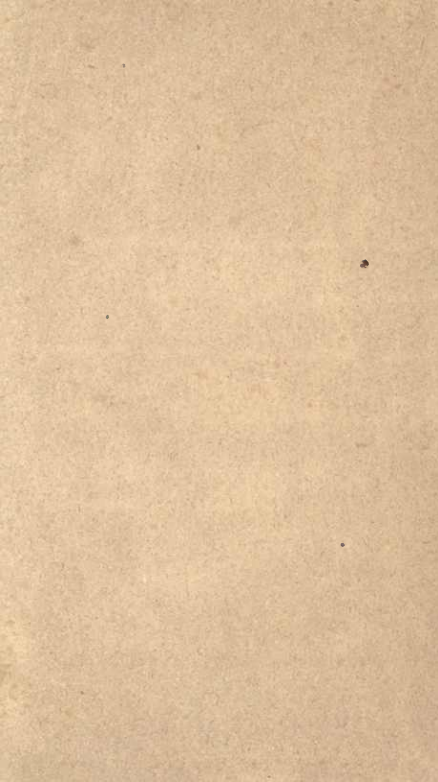
Mock not with mirth,
A scene like this, ye laughter-loving ones ;—

The licensed jester's lip, the dancer's heel —
What do they here ?

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand
Filled with life's dewy flowerets, girdeth on
That harness, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.







Olive Ousival

